A Field Marshal Under Catherine

SUVOROF. By W. Lyon Blease. E. P. Dutton & Co.

FOR most of us a considerable mental wrench is required to plunge from present-day discussions of disarmament into the crowded chapters in which Mr. Blease recreates the personality and amazing achievements of Alexander Vassilyevitch Suvorof, field marshal under the Great Catherine and her successor, Paul I. of Russia. The student of military history, of course, makes a clean dive at first sight of the title page, remembering Suvorof's rank as "next to Frederick the Great, Napoleon and Wellington, unquestionably the greatest soldier of the last half of the eighteenth century and of the wars that followed the French Revolution," a man whose influence upon military strategy persisted in Russia up to the very twilight of the Czars, and is still felt in other countries of Europe. Once in the stream of Mr. Blease's narrative we are impelled to follow Suvorof through fifty-five years of campaigning in Turkey, Finland, Poland, Italy and Switzerland to admire his genius, marvel at his hardihood, gasp at his fantastic behavior and emerge at the end struggling to reconcile the simultaneous greatness and littleness of the man.

To the layman it appears that Suvorof possessed all those qualities the absence of which has distinguished so many Russian leaders of later date. Ability, energy, enthusiasm, personal and political honesty, indifference to hardship, all were his. His biographer says that no man ever loved a woman more passionately than Suvorof loved war, and he might well have added that no man ever loved with greater exclusiveness of devotion. Nature created Suvorof immune to the attractions of wealth, political preferment and social intrigue which have lured other gifted men to their ruin. His outstanding faults were jealous vanity and a scorn for all conventions, but these faults never betrayed him into neglect of duty or mistakes of tactical policy. His independence of military precedent, to which he owed his greatest victories as well as his moments of greatest danger, was the independence of a man who has mastered his art so thoroughly that he is no longer bound by it.

His conception of warfare was the destruction of armies, not merely the occupation of territory. In relying upon mobility and endurance, upon swift and crushing blows, rather than upon any outward semblance of discipline or fixed system of tactics, he took Caesar as his model. "Remember," he said, "victory depends on the legs; the hands are only the instruments of victory." His men, constantly drilled in forced marches in storming heights, in crossing difficult territory, could be set in motion for actual service at astonishingly short notice. They literally did not know how to retreat, and had absolute confidence in themselves because their "little father" told them they could not fail. Their weakness in marksmanship was counterbalanced by their formidable use of the bayonet, the weapon Suvorof found best adapted to the stolid immobility of the Russian serf. "The bullet misses, the bayonet doesn't miss; the bullet's a fool, the bayonet's a fine lad," was Suvorof's favorite exhortation on this subject.

Suvorof transformed unpromising raw material into a wonderful fighting machine by building upon the native idiosyncrasies of the Slav, and he won the affectionate obedience of his men in the same manner. Most of all he endeared himself by exchanging broad jests with his soldiers, lounging among them before the camp fire and indulging in ridiculous pranks for their amusement. During marches of the second Polish war the hour of departure was designated as "cock-crow." Every morning Suvorof himself flapped his arms and crowed, and in fifteen minutes the troops were in movement.

His eccentricities, however, were not confined to camp life. On his rare appearance at court he skipped about like a buffoon and overwhelmed his acquaintances by extravagant obeisances and speeches. No presence was august enough to restrain from outbursts of sputtering sarcasm when he chose to consider himself offended. Honors went to his head like wine. When he received the rank of field marshal after the victory of Praga he set a number of stools in a row, and in the presence of his officers leapt over them one after the other, saying 'Over Ryepnin—over Saltikof—over Prozorovski'—reciting with each leap the name of some senior general whom he had passed in the race for promotion. After this he put on his new uniform and all his orders and went solemnly to church to give thanks."

Such glimpses of Suvorof, woven into the account of his brilliant exploits and enthusiasm for the glorification of his sovereign, provide the high lights which give to Mr. Blease's narrative form and substance. Sight of the man's clay feet counteracts the sense of remoteness which his genius inspires. He becomes no more than human, a creature of circumstances like ourselves. The gallantry which he displayed, unfortunately on the wrong side of the struggle, in the wars which led to the partition of Poland, the nullification by Great Britain of the victories by which he had almost achieved the expulsion of the Turk from Europe, the futility of his Italian campaign, confirm our suspicion that war is at best only a tragic misdirection of energy. Without detracting from Mr. Blease's achievement in analyzing the quality of Suvorof's military greatness, one may safely venture to assert that his book is not likely to further the cause of militarism nor to give cause for anxiety to advocates of disarmament.

RUSSIA -- JAPAN

From Admiral and Premier

WHAT JAPAN THINKS. Edited by K. K. Kawakami. The Macmillan Company.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

WHEN I opened this volume I feared from past experience that "what the Japanese are supposed to think, but do not," would probably be as good a title as that selected by this brilliant and incisive Japanese compiler. But this book is an exception. It really tells something about the subject announced.

Mr. Kawakami, born in Tokio, studied at several American universities, is married to an American wife and is, I believe, an American citizen. He has travelled widely in eastern Asia and written several illuminating books. He interprets the East to the West.

When I opened this volume I found that I knew personally most of the "native" writers (who for reasons which seem silly to us but justifiable to themselves despise and reject this term); while of those whom I never met in the flock I can truly say I know their minds well. Perhaps this, after all, is the main thing with which a reviewer ought to be familiar.

A work like this, for one who would learn the true inwardness of the Japanese heart and mind, is worth a score of books filled with the impressions of newspaper correspondents or tourists. It outvalues at least twoscore of missionary reports or the outgushings of flatterers. It is to be heartily commended to some of our brethren not of yellow cuticle but of yellow minds.

The table of contents shows that most of the articles were printed in Japanese periodicals and addressed originally to native readers. These authors not only apply the scalpel of criticism to aliens but to themselves—as represented by their Government.

Noting first the titles, I shall then tell what I know or think of their authors and make comments further on. To save space I shall use numbers and refer to the articles in their order.

(1) A World Unsafe for Democracy; (2) The Monroe Doctrine and the League of Nations; (3) Mikadoism; (4) Japan's Defective Constitutional Government; (5) Liberalism in Japan; (6) Japan's Navalism; (7) Militarism and Navalism in America; (8) Harmony Between East and West; (9) The War's Effect Upon the Japanese Mind; (10) Illusions of the White Race; (11) The "White" Problem in Asia; (12) The Japanese Question in America; (13) Can Japanese Be Christianized?

An appendix treating of the Yap controversy contains the editor's note, the note from Tokio to Washington and the comments of the Japanese press.

In A. D. 1921 there are, however hotly the native jingoes and Chauvinists may deny this assertion, two Japans. One is archaic, insular and pagan, and, I should say, puerile. The other is modern, cosmopolitan and Christian. By "pagan" I mean no religious dogma, tradition, institution or corporation. By "Christian" I refer to none of the organizations bearing that name. Some of the best sons of Nippon, though Buddhist in social relations, are Christian to an extent that robs the term "Christian"—as applied to aliens, both persons and Governments—of all distinction. The real struggle in the coming nation of Japan exceeds that of pre-natal Jacob and Esau—one to be the hunter and bloodspiller and the other the man of peace, cunning supplanter though he be.

On the first page we have exactly this sort of paganism exploited. The Mikadoist, who stalwartly champions his Government in the Seoul press, justifying Japan's conquest of and policy in Corea, is a disciple of Ernest Heinrich Haeckel, the German. He tells us of evolution, "in which nothing is plainer than that the individual counts for almost nothing." Precisely! The archaic civilizations of Asia are communal. The Occidental civilizations give scope to the individual and encourage initiative in the thoughtful. Again he says: "The agitators who are preaching democracy and freedom in various parts of the world to-day are out of harmony with nature's teachings and are themselves shackled men."

In "Hamlet" the *Ghost* out of the grave echoes the word to *Horatius*, "Swear, swear!" How loudly Rameses, Nebuchadnezzar, Hobbes, Bernhardi, the whole Prussian gang and all the ghosts of empires founded on force call out in chorus, "Amen!" The sabre rattles loudly in the sheath of this journalistic justifier of Japan's policy in Corea. Here is absolutism, pure and simple. He quotes Balzac and Henry Adams against democracy and individualism, and winds up by warning the men of the new mind in Japan to "beware of the snares and pitfalls that are so cleverly set for them around the clay feet of the Goddess of Liberty."

Angels and ministers of grace, plus Roger Williams, William Penn and Thomas Jefferson, defend us! Yes, and Yokoi Heishiro and Itagaki and Takeno and Watanabe and the noble army of freedom's martyrs in Japan assist us!

In No. 2, Prof. Fujisawa pleads for a League of Nations, but one more clearly defined in spirit and purpose than the one now extant.

In essay No. 3 it amuses the reviewer to find a Japanese University professor, Uyesugi, using a term coined by him nearly fifty years ago and expounded and expanded in his books, "The Mikado's Empire" and "The Mikado: Institution and Person."

In the book "The Foundations of True Japan" we have the old political ideas of Babylon and Rome stalwartly exploited that the Emperor is a god and the state the only thing to obey supremely. The only seat of authority, in ethics and religion, is "the heart of the true Japanese." He believes in "suppressing all ideas which are inconsistent with the healthful existence of the state." He bases his thesis on the mythology of the Kojiki—an eighth century mass of tradition and fairy tales. "The ultimate desire of the Japanese is to see the whole world unified according to their standard." How modest! How puerile! Some Japanese expect social recognition within a decade.

On the contrary, the Liberals in Japan, now numbering millions, "denounce this expression of Japan's political ideals as reactionary and as the dying echoes of an exploded dogma." Bravo!

Yes, the "liberals" of all sorts are trying to persuade the Nippon ox to get off the track on which the fast express of modern civilization is coming at full momentum.

In No. 4 Yukio Ozaki's arraignment of the bureaucracy is like a sixteen inch rifle shot well aimed. It shows how the bureaucrats and militarists have poison gassed and throttled the life of the Constitution of 1889.

If any one doubts that the tide of democracy is rising in Japan, let him read paper No. 5. Prof. Yoshino, the fearless leader of the young intellectual Liberals, minces no words. He declares that ninety out of a hundred students have the international mind, as opposed to that of the bureaucratic and militaristic class. One wonders whether Hyde Park, Boston Common or a New York soap box knows of greater freedom of thought and speech. In old days, unless such an author himself committed hara kiri he knelt at the blood pit and lost his head.

In No. 6 Admiral Sato, now in Washington, shows clearly that if Japan is a sinner in increasing her naval armament England and the United States are arch criminals, for they taught her her crime—how to imperil the peace of the world.

Henry Satoh, who as early as 1890 wrote what was "the new book in the new Japan," in his studies of comparative armaments puts our Secretaries of the Navy in no enviable light.

The late Premier Hara wrote essay No. 8. He shows what I believe every one who thinks in terms of justice and who is competent to give an opinion believes, viz., that the world civilization practiced—not preached—by the white race carried in its soil the seeds of the great world war. He argues that "the future maintenance of peace is the common charge of all nations and the responsibility equally of the two civilizations, Oriental and Occidental." He calls on both to unite in forming a new ideal. The Eastern and Western cultures must be harmonized and reconciled. When will our universities listen to this? As in Rousseau's mausoleum in the Pantheon in Paris, Hara holds a flaming torch out of his tomb.

Marquis Okuma, with his usual insight and incisiveness, dwells on the manifest illusions of the white race. Japan has exploded the old superstition that the world is to be wholly ruled by whites, who entertain a perverted feeling of racial superiority.

An anonymous writer, not a Japanese but "probably a Hindoo," exposes the white peril in Asia. He looks for a union of the Asian nationalists and European Bolshevists! Few Japanese do or would accept his view.

The very practical statesman now Mayor of Tokio, Baron Goto Shimpei, discusses temperately the question which agitates California.

Probably the paper which will be read with the most critical attention is the final one. Kanzo Uchimura, the champion of Christianity as he thinks the Founder taught it, preaches weekly in his audience hall in Tokio the Gospel of Jesus to thousands, but he will have nothing to do with foreign missionaries, dogmas or organizations. He rejects what has "accumulated" about the religion of the Christ. He believes that "the only Christianity that can conquer Japan is one interpreted in terms of Japanese thought." Much of what Uchimura says is self-evident, but as he is handled vigorously by critics who are his own countrymen I must refrain. Mr. Uchimura is confident that "Japan will become the foremost Christian nation of the earth," and this is because the pure and original precepts and life power of Jesus will come to Japan stripped of their Occidental accretions, associations and philosophies.

Whatever views or opinions any of us may hold on this subject, it would be but history repeating itself if the Japanese do exactly what our own ancestors did. They took a book, or rather a library, of essentially Oriental form and spirit and they rationalized it into formulas according to methods that suit the Occidental mind. What Japan seeks is an honest testing of our professions. The results already show both the old trunk and the new graft, that is already budding with a new and fruitful life.

There are two Japans, one is slowly dying, the other emerging. What will its form, what its spirit be? Only one can survive.

Not only has Archibald Rutledge been hailed in the new volume of the "Library of Southern Literature" as "the foremost writer of South Carolina of the twentieth century," but recognition of his work has come from educational circles in the placing of his new book, "Old Plantation Days" (Stokes), on the list of compulsory reading by Union College (Schenectady, N. Y.) and by the University of South Carolina (Columbia, S. C.).

Gorgeous Garments of the Old Russia

RUSSIAN FESTIVALS AND COSTUMES; FOR PAGEANT AND DANCE. By Louis H. Chalif. New York: Published by the author.

NOW that Russia has become almost a legendary country, removed from the rest of the world, this record of her gorgeous days has the value of folklore as well as history. It seems inevitable that when the veil of unrest and misery is removed from Russia she will take her place among the "conventionally civilized" people of the earth. The many picturesque customs, costumes, folk festivals and the innumerable religious holidays which were the joy of the peasantry and the despair of the "liberal" and the political economist have disappeared or will rapidly disappear. France was never the same after the Revolution, and the old Russia will in many ways be as thoroughly dead.

Louis Chalif, the author of this book, was formerly a member of the Russian Imperial Ballet School. Having extensive personal knowledge of the subject, he has also ransacked museums and private houses for material, much of which is now inaccessible. In an interesting and well written preface on national customs, Chalif says:

Russian Peasant Woman.

"The fact has to be faced all the same that some beautiful and precious things must perish with the passing of the old order. Noble trees must often fall to make room for building. To follow up the simile that exquisite wild flower the national costume will be rooted out as the fields come under cultivation.

"And acres of greenhouses full of orchids and rare exotics will not console us for kind nature's free gift of buttercups and daisies."

In discussing the difference between the costumes of men and of women he says:

"In Russia, though the female is the bird of gayer plumage, her mate is not content to be quite such a sober colored foil to her splendor as is the man of western countries. He has some holiday adornments which he dons for village wedding or church festival. Over his full trousers of dark hued velvet he will put on a bright red belted smock and his patent leather boots glitter superbly. Or, perhaps, instead of the black patent leather he will display footwear of the finest 'Russia' in a rich green or red."

The book contains many illuminating references to Russian art, peasant costume, embroidery and design. The illustrations which follow the text are both beautiful and unusual. Mr. Chalif is well qualified to write a book of this kind. It is a valuable record of an epoch that has been dying before our eyes.

MARYA ZATURENSKY.

Peace Depends on Japanese Equality

WHAT JAPAN WANTS. By Yoshi S. Kuno. Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

YOSHI S. KUNO is a professor at the University of California. Like so many other sons of Dai Nippon he has acquired a fine mastery of English. He states the predicament in which Japan finds herself because of the increase of population. He gives her claims to a place in the sun. At the same time he is fair minded. He does not misrepresent the facts with regard to the strangling of Corea by the Japanese. He understands that sentiment in the United States is against the immigration of his people. He demands that the Japanese should none the less be recognized as equals. He says that otherwise the Japanese will be tempted into an alliance with Russia or Germany. He concludes his book by saying: "The peace of the world pivots upon a proper recognition by the United States and other great Powers of the position to which Japan is entitled in world affairs."

Did We Shut Corea's Door?

JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES. 1853-1921. By Payson J. Treat. Houghton Mifflin Company.

THE American public, wearied, even to reaction and disgust, with overpraise of Japan by that school of writers in which the names of Sir Edwin Arnold and Lafcadio Hearn stand out prominently, made one of those somersaults of opinion not uncommon in literary and international history after the victory of Japan over Russia. Sympathetic admiration of the supposed "underdog" suddenly curdled. In place of regarding the Nipponese as either dainty aesthetics or supermen suspicion, fear, jealousy and a brood of sinister emotions were invited to and harbored in the American breast.

The Japanese were dumfounded at the change and wondered at it. Why this turn from bouquet throwing to muckraking? To-day, in both the Christian and the pagan Japan, the anxious question is asked of Americans daily, "Why so large a navy, except that the United States intends to make war on us?" It is beyond controversy that the immediate effect of sending our great battle fleet to the Far East was to strengthen the voice and hand of what Admiral Kato, now in Washington, calls "navalism."

In this book of nearly 300 pages all emotionalism is dropped and the underlying facts are presented most clearly and forcefully. The author's opinions and judgments are few or are wholly withheld when record and proof of actuality are at hand. Besides a critical and comparative study of documents Prof. Treat of New York and California, and now in the Stanford University, has twice visited eastern Asia to check his home studies made during the past fifteen years. Thus joining observation to research, he has considered contemporary movements in other lands. In a sense this book approaches the quality of uniqueness amid the throng and bulk of what the steam printing presses of publishers and the newspapers issue almost hourly concerning "surface," "obvious," "mysterious" and "cunning" Japan. In the modern version of the Flood (which the Japanese like other archaic peoples have) the billows are of ink and the windows of heaven drop paper, engulfing and hiding the solid land of fact.

Prof. Treat is the Noah, and his chapters furnish salvation to all who would know the truth. The first of his thirteen divisions, telling of Japan's heritage, her history and culture, is an admirable condensation of what is known, not guessed. Happily and auspiciously began the new age from that invitation of peace and friendship by President Fillmore. Alas, that the author barely mentions his name, giving all glory, as per tradition, to the naval officer Perry! Then followed commercial intercourse, but the treaties were in jeopardy until the duarchy of Mikado and Shogun fell and all government was centralized in the empire's head. Commerce and industry undermined feudalism and made the way clear for the rise of New Japan. Then, after long struggles, the treaties were revised, and in time John Hay's glorious doctrine of the "open door" became fact and blessing.

But who slammed it shut, thus giving the Mikado's militarists—those pride swollen and self-deceived men, who stupidly think that they made the new Japan and who grind sixty millions of people to poverty and keep them there for the selfish aggrandizement of the minority, who profit in cash and fame from the situation—their ground for boasting? From the first croak of the raven until long after sundown some millions of toilers, women and men, stand knee deep in the mire of the rice fields, while other millions fish and delve and work to keep body and soul together to pay taxes, while women are still sold into body slavery—all for the glory of armies and navies. Prof. Treat writes ably of "The Open Door in China," of the Russian and of the world war, of the new Far East and of "The Japanese in America." In all this his industry, insight and literary form are beyond praise.

But we do not find these excellent qualities, but rather an absence of them and also avoidance of the theme of responsibility when we come to inquire why the open door was shut, why American prestige was lowered and why our express stipulations were dishonored and our solemn plighted promises broken in the case of Corea. Why was our flag hauled down and our legation called home just when American capital was being invested and not only almost all of the cultural influences were from the United States, but also the bulk of the foreign commerce of the country?

When we come to find out how the author explains this amazing blunder of our Government, which virtually nullified the work of John Hay, weakened our prestige in the Far East and gave the Japanese militarists and jingoes the very opportunity they were waiting for, we find only "a lame and impotent conclusion." The author seems to justify what most Americans consider one of the worst and most dangerous mistakes ever made in American diplomacy. All that he tells us concerning this making of a solemn treaty "a scrap of paper," and with truly Prussian haste, is that after the Corean Emperor, in a personal letter to the American President, had "begged him to use his good offices" with Japan, our Chief Executive "realized that Corea had shown herself utterly impotent either for self-government or self-defence."

Be that as it may, it is the reviewer's opinion that firmness in the other direction by our Government would have held back the high handed action of Japan and increased not only our prestige but also helped to swell the rising tide of anti-militarism in Japan. The cry that "Corea is like a dagger pointed at the heart of Japan"—a phrase of pure humbug—was loudly heard in the Mikado's empire. Then with the promptness of a hungry tiger or eagle the Japanese conquered and annexed Corea. Thus the militarists saddled upon the Japanese people the burden of maintaining 50,000 soldiers and as many more spies. In a sense the Japanese eagle now bleeds with an arrow feathered from its own wing. The results have been bitter disappointment as to the expected large emigration thither and the very meagre economic returns from the exploitation of a conquered land with the avowed purpose of destroying that ancient civilization which was once like a mother to the outlying archipelago.

Prof. Treat's explanation must be left before the bar of American opinion and readers of THE HERALD must pass upon the ethics in the case. He says:

"In a world where precedents count for much, be they good or ill, the Japanese could defend their conduct by many examples." True! The instances are drawn from the actions of England, France, Holland and the United States in the case of the Philippines. "Japan," he argues, "should be judged not by the way in which she acquired Corea but by the use which she made of her great responsibilities toward the Corean peoples." (The plural is not ours.)

Does, then, the end justify the means? For such ethical teaching the European Governments drove out its teachers. Who knows but "the dagger pointed toward Japan's heart" may yet, by her own hand, wound her to the death? So at least think many Japanese.

Except what will to many thinking readers seem a blot, here is a book of the first order of value for fact and truth, as well as praiseworthy on account of its literary workmanship, its readableness and its charm.

English Version of Russian Poetry

MODERN RUSSIAN POETRY. Translated by Abraham Yarmolensky and Babette Deutch. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

IN a foreword to this volume the translators explain their purpose to express by representative selections the character of Russian lyrical poetry of the last one hundred years. The pieces chosen, however, are not always the most characteristic of the poet's general style. They are supposed to represent his highest esthetic achievement. The volume begins with poems by Alexander Pushkin, the father of modern Russian poetry, and ends with such ultra moderns as Oreshin, Marienhof and Igor Severyanin, though the latter is represented by some poems in the manner of his early style rather than in his daring attempts at originality in form, thought and phraseology.

Lermontov, whose influence over Russian poetry is second only to Pushkin's, is represented by some of his lighter lyrics, Nekrassov, whose epic "Who Can Be Happy and Free in Russia" is one of the most touching and perfect poems on human misery, is represented by the famous "Salt Song" from his epic, and two other of his shorter lyrics. Nekrassov was one of the few of the Russian poets who never let his poetry be marred by his passion for social justice. His romantic life adds a further touch of interest to his poems.

In sharp contrast to such a poet as Nekrassov the translators follow him with two such delicate, unworldly conservatives as Count Alexy Tolstoi and Appollon Maikov. Comit Alexy, who is a member of that most literary of families, was a graceful courtier, an esthete, a traveler, and, like most of the Russian aristocrats of his time, a religious mystic. The strange thing about Russian poetry is to see how the two extremes of utter religious skepticism and the boundless ecstacy of religious faith march side by side. Tolstoi's poems are full of delicate grace, like Dobson, whom he so much resembled. He had a passion for the eighteenth century. Very characteristic of him is this little poem given in the anthology:

> My little almond tree
> Is gay with gleaming bloom.
> My heart unwillingly
> Puts forth its buds of gloom.
> The bloom will leave the tree.
> The fruit unbidden grow,
> And the green boughs will be
> By bitter boughs brought low.

Appollon Maikov was a belated classicist. He wrote of classical themes with a simplicity, tenderness and beauty that was more Russian than Greek. He was an extreme monarchist. The two poems of his in the anthology are very characteristic and beautiful. He seemed to be a stranger in his own times.

Although women have not taken such a part in the poetry of Russia, as for instance in France, Italy or England, yet already they have produced work which is of unique distinction. Probably the most important of the Russian women poets is Ana Akhmatova, who was at one time identified with the actualist group, representing a reaction against symbolism. Her work has the refined simplicity and restrained passion of an Alice Meynell, she writes purely of personal themes. "Confession" is characteristic:

> From my poor sins I am set free,
> In lilac dusk the taper smolders.
> The dark stoles' rigid drapery
> Conceals a massive head and shoulders.
>
> "Talitha Kumi," is it he,
> Once more? How fast my heart is beating,
> A touch; a hand moves absently
> The customary cross repeating.

Zia Shishova, one of the youngest of the modern women poets, is noted for her feminine charm of expression, and yet sometimes, as in her poems, "Transfiguration," written on the revolution, she is marked by a notable sincerity, freedom of form and a passion which is characteristic of great poetry. Zinaida Hippius, the wife of Dimitri Merezhkovsky, is marked by eroticism and a bent toward metaphysics. Yet her poetry has a color and passion which is wholly admirable.

Konstantin Balmont, who is still alive and whose reputation was enormous a decade ago, is best represented in the anthology by his magnificent "Hymn to Fire." The translation has caught some of its spirit of blazing fury and passion.

But the best poem in this anthology is Valery Brusov's "Saint Sebastian." It is a triumph of translation and was much commented on when it first appeared in *Poetry*:

> On slow and smoky fires thou burn'st
> and art consumed,
> Oh thou, my soul;
> On slow and smoky fires thou burn'st
> and art consumed,
> With hidden dole.
>
> Thou droopest like Sebastian pierced
> with pointed arrows,
> Harassed and spent;
> Thou droopest like Sebastian pierced
> with pointed arrows,
> Thy flesh all rent.
>
> Thy foes encircle thee and watch with
> gleeful laughter
> And bended bow;
> Thy foes encircle thee and watch with
> gleeful laughter
> Thy torments slow.
>
> The embers burn and gentle is the arrow's stinging
> 'Neath the evening sky;
> The embers burn and gentle is the arrow's stinging
> When the end draws nigh.
>
> Why hastens not thy dream unto thy
> lips now pallid
> With deadly drouth?
> Why hastens not thy dream unto thy
> lips now pallid
> To kiss thy mouth?

The translations from the poems of Ivan Bupin are also full of felicity. Bunin's poetry is known for its delicate melancholy. There is an exotic grace in his classic clarity. He is a master of verbal magic. Very fine are the poem, "A Song" and the sonnet "The God of Noon." The former has the dramatic directness of a folk song.

Of the ultra modern poets of the revolution there is little to say. They have thrown away all form and all accepted methods of expression. Their poetry is marked by novel verbiage and eccentricities of thought. Oreshin's poem, "Not by Hands Created," is a good example of this school:

> My stone mouth
> Is stretched with song
> From East to West.
> Legs and hoofs
> Kicked skywards!

One cannot close the book without admiring the magnificent poem of Alexander Blok, "The Scythians," in which he praises the Tartar strain in Russia. The translation is worthy of the poem, and by some critics the poem is considered the greatest inspired by the revolution.